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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# HARRY ALLEN, THE UNION SPY.

A GRAND

ALLEGORICAL MILITARY DRAMA,  
IN FIVE ACTS,

WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL TABLEAUX, MUSIC, SONGS, CHO-  
RUSES, SCENIC EFFECTS, AND SITUATIONS, NEVER BEFORE  
PRESENTED ON ANY STAGE. DRAMATIZED AND ADAPT-  
ED FROM ACTUAL INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT

## REBELLION,

BY

MAJ. JOSEPH BARTON,

LATE U. S. VOLS.



LANSING, MICH.: 4

W. S. GEORGE & Co., PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

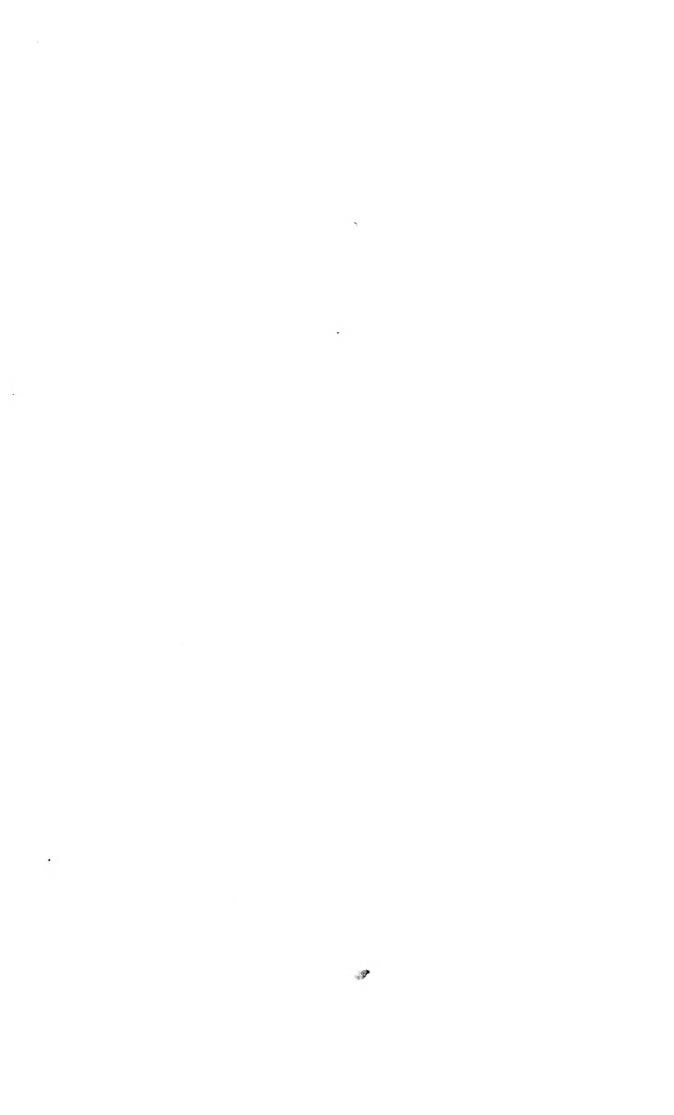
1873.

## NOTE TO THE PUBLIC.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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HARRY ALLEN, the Union Spy.  
EDMUND RANDOLPH, son of Peyton Randolph.  
JOHN ALLEN, a loyal Northern Farmer.  
FRANK ALLEN, second son of Farmer Allen.  
LITTLE JIMMIE, third son of Farmer Allen.  
PEYTON RANDOLPH, a Wealthy Virginian.  
UNCLE SAM, Servant to Peyton and Edmund Randolph.  
JACOB VAN DUNDERSPECK, Germanic, but true to the core.  
HANS VAN DUNDERSPECK, son of Jacob, and Champion Drillist.  
GEORGE WILSON, }  
FRED. HORTON, } Friends of the Allen Boys.  
MRS. MARY ALLEN, wife of John Allen.  
MISS NATTIE ALLEN, daughter of John Allen.  
MRS. EMMA ALLEN, wife of Harry Allen.  
LITTLE WINNIE, daughter of Harry and Emma.  
Goddess of Liberty, Sisters of Mercy, and Ladies for Tableaux.

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## FEDERALS.

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GEN. GRANT, Commanding U. S. Forces.  
GEN. RAWLINGS, Chief of Staff.  
MAJ. DENT, A. D. C.  
MAJ. EDMUNDS, A. A. Gen.  
MAJ. TRACY, A. I. Gen.  
CAPT. JOHNSON, A. D. C.  
CAPT. MANSFIELD, A. Q. M.  
COL. HALL, Commanding Regiment.  
CAPT. TOWNE, Commanding Co. A.  
CAPT. SLAYTON, Commanding Co. B.

•                    C O N F E D E R A T E S .

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GEN. LEE, Commanding Confederate Army.  
GEN. BEAUREGARD, Commanding Division C. S. A.  
GEN. OULD, Commissioner of Exchange.  
COL. HOWLET, Chief of Staff.  
MAJ. MAY, A. D. C.  
MAJ. HONTOON, A. A. Gen.  
COL. RANDOLPH, Commanding 3d Va. Infantry, C. S. A.  
CAPT. RANDOLPH, Commanding Co. A, 3d Va. Infantry, C. S. A.  
SERGT. DEYOE, Co. A, 3d Va. Infantry, C. S. A.  
CORPORAL CLARKE, Co. A, 3d Va. Infantry, C. S. A.  
Soldiers, Citizens, etc.

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C O S T U M E S .

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Dress of the Period of 1861.





# HARRY ALLEN, THE UNION SPY.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A northern home—Plain chamber or dining-room, door in flat L. H.—Table partly spread—Nine chairs—Cradle L. H.—Burning grate R. C.—Farmer Allen, Mary Allen, Nattie, Emma, Frank, and Jimmie discovered, each engaged in their respective duties.

Music as curtain rises.

FARMER A.—(impatiently) I wonder what in the world detains Harry so long; why, he has been gone long enough to fix a dozen plows. I'm anxious to get my papers, for I want to hear from those rascals at Charleston. Oh, mother, where is Mr. Randolph and Edmund? I believe they intend leaving on the train this morning?

MARY A.—Yes, and they are up stairs packing now. Father, I do wish you would not commence arguing politics with Mr. Randolph this morning, for he's just as ardent in his admiration of Southern rights and principles as you are Northern.

FARMER A.—That's all very well to talk, mother, but I cannot sit still and listen to the bragging and abuse of those haughty Southerners without at least saying one word in our defense. Mr. Randolph and I were old class-mates, and if we do sometimes get warmed up in conversation, we are nevertheless firm friends.

MARY A.—Well, at any rate, I wish you would not resume it again this morning, it will only end in trouble. They are so soon to leave us, I pray you let them depart in peace. Edmund went to bed last night real angry with you for the sentiments you expressed.

FRANK A.—Nevertheless father was right, and although they are old friends of the family, I for one do not care how soon they become angry, if defending the old flag and Union makes them so.

NATTIE—Now, Frank, do hush; suppose you do disagree on political questions, what is the use of quarreling over it?

FRANK—There you go again, always taking Edmund's part, and I do believe that if the South should secede, as they are talking of, and he were to go with it, you would be a regular little rebel.

NATTIE—Frank, it is very unkind in you to say such a thing, for if Edmund were to take up arms against our old government, as dear friends as we have been, I would drop his acquaintance, and never wish to see him again.

FRANK—Forgive me, Nattie, I was wrong, for I know you are a true-hearted and loyal little girl. [*Rising and looking off L. H.*] But here they come now. [*Business.*]

[*Enter Mr. R. and Edmund L. 1 E., followed by Sam.*]

FARMER A.—Ah! good morning, gentlemen, good morning; so you are down at last; now we breakfast.

MR. RANDOLPH—I am sorry we have kept you waiting, but we rather overslept ourselves this morning.

MARY A.—Sam, you and Jimmie set the chairs to the table. [*Business.*] There,—that will do.

FARMER A.—Please be seated, gentlemen. [*All take seats.*]

MARY A.—Sam, bring in the coffee, won't you?

SAM—Yes, Missus. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Mr. Randolph, what will I help you to,—a bit of the steak, or ham?

MR. R.—Ham, if you please.

FARMER A.—And Edmund, what will you have?

EDMUND— \* \* \* Of each, please.

MARY A.—How will you take your coffee, Mr. Randolph?

MR. R.—With sugar and cream, please.

MARY A.—And Edmund?

EDMUND—No sugar, please.

MR. R.—Allen, we are under lasting obligations to you all for our pleasant visit, and hope soon to have the pleasure of reciprocating at our home in Virginia. The unsettled condition of the country compels us to terminate it much sooner than we anticipated.

FARMER A.—Thank you, thank you Randolph, some of us will, no doubt, avail ourselves of your generous invitation.

EDMUND— \* \* \* Think it is time yet?

FARMER A.—[*Looking at watch.*] You have plenty of time; the train leaves at eleven, and it's not nine yet.

[*Voice without L. H., whoa!*]

FARMER A.—Jimmie, I thought I heard Harry drive up; go and tell him to hitch the horses to the carriage, and take Mr. Randolph and Edmund to the depot.

JIMMIE—Yes, sir. [*Jimmie runs off L. H.*]

MR. R.—Oh, never mind, Allen, going to all that trouble; it's not far, and we can walk down just as well as not.







FARMER A.—It's no trouble, I assure you, to wait upon my friends.

[*Enter Harry and Jimmie L. H.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Before you were up—

MR. R.—Harry, what's the news in town this morning? [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* as I passed this morning—

EMMA—Yes; were our folks all well?

HARRY— \* \* \* learn what it was.

FARMER A.—[*Rising excitedly and reading from paper*] The infamous rascals; every one of them ought to be shot down like dogs!

MARY A.—[*Rising.*] Why father; what's the matter?

FARMER A.—Matter! matter enough! [*Shows paper.*] The rebellious scoundrels in Charleston Harbor have opened fire on Fort Sumpter, and threaten to batter it down unless Major Anderson and his brave little garrison surrender.

[*Mr. and Mrs. Allen slowly take their seats at the table.*]

MR. R.—What is that, Allen? Have they really made an open resistance?

FARMER A.—Yes, indeed they have, and they will repent it in sack-cloths and ashes!

FRANK—The traitors! Why, the Government will hang the last one of them. They cannot expect to resist with any possible chance of success.

EDMUND— \* \* \* Abolitionists of the North.

MR. R.—You are right, Edmund; and, Allen, although I cannot agree with such fire eaters as Yancy, Tombs, and others, yet I must say we have been basely imposed upon by those Ultra-Abolitionists.

FARMER A.—Randolph, I do not want to begin this again, but you must not condemn the whole North for the actions of a few of its extreme radicals.

MR. R.—But, Allen, you have at last succeeded in electing for President one of the very worst leading negro worshipers of the whole abolition crew; and if we submit, we will be but little better than slaves to that tyrannical despot. All we ask is to be let alone.

FARMER A.—Sir! I am astonished to hear such an announcement from you. Abraham Lincoln is a true and loyal man, fairly elected by a vote of *the people* of the United States, and if these traitorous villains dare to attempt an open resistance, "By the Eternal" we will hang them higher than Haman. [*Rising grandly.*] And has it come to this?—that men, born and nurtured under freedom's flag, have become so base as to turn and rend it? trample it under their feet? stain its purity with fra-

ternal blood? If so, they will deeply rue the day their impious hands were raised to do the accursed deed.

EDMUND— \* \* \* [Business.] Father! I cannot listen to this any longer. [Business.]

MR. R.—Come, Edmund, keep quiet, do not get excited. [Consternation.]

EDMUND— \* \* \* with bloody hands to hospitable graves.

NATTIE—Oh! father! Mr. Randolph, and Edmund, do quit discussing this disagreeable subject, and at least part friends.

HARRY— \* \* \* Let others do as they may.

EDMUND— \* \* \* No, sir, that I never will.

HARRY—Then, sir, you will regret it.

EDMUND— \* \* \* No, sir; never!

FARMER A.—Mr. Randolph and Edmund, hear me for one moment. Colonel Ethan Allen, who in the days of the Revolution captured Fort Ticonderoga, “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” was my great-grandfather, and he was born and reared upon a soil that did not breed traitors. Upon his fair name and memory there is not a single blot or stain that can dim its brightness, for he fought in the defense of justice and of right. Old as I now am, I would go to-morrow and strike for liberty. Sir, I am devoted to my friends and love my family, but higher than all, I love my country and her flag. I love these boys of mine; but, sir, if one of them were to utter in my presence the foul treason just uttered by that bantling of secession, I would thrust him from my home; I would tear his image from my heart, and his name should be a forbidden utterance at my fireside forever. Sir, I do not forget the respect due to hospitality, but no such traitor as that son of yours, can find shelter beneath old John Allen’s roof. There is the door, sir, leave—leave! [Business.]

MR. R.—[Excitedly.] Very good, sir, we will go; but, Allen, I regret this for the memories of the past. Sam, get that baggage down, and we’ll be off. [Business.]

SAM—Yes, Massa! Goodness gracious! Massa Jimmie, didn’t I don’tole you so.

MR. R.—[Stamping foot indignantly.] Shut up! you black rascal, and get those things down.

SAM—All right, Massa, Ise off. [Exit R. 1 E.]

MARY A.—Mr. Randolph and Edmund, I pray you, do not be rash; father has been too hasty, and I know he is sorry for it.

NATTIE—Yes, and will undoubtedly ask pardon. [Business.]

HARRY— \* \* \* Apologise to a traitor? No, never!

EDMUND— \* \* \* Lasting and bitter.





HARRY— \* \* \* Trouble of kicking you out. [*Business.*]

EDMUND—Kick me out, will you? [*Business.*]

MUSIC.

MR. R.—Come, come, Edmund, no violence; we will go at once.

EDMUND—[*Excitedly.*] \* \* \* For this insult. [*Exit L. 1 E. hurriedly.*]

[*Business for Nattie.*]

MR. R.—[*Ironically, and boring very low.*] I wish—you—a—very—good—morning. [*Exit L. 1 E.*]

[*All excitedly walk the stage.*]

MARY A.—Oh, Father! I'm so sorry this has happened; what will the neighbors say?

FARMER A.—I don't care what the neighbors say.

SAM—[*Entering R. 1 E., with baggage.*] Massa Allen, I'se mighty sorry bout dis fuss. I hates to go back to ole Varginny, for I node I nebber will git back to see you'ens eny mor.

FRANK—[*Stepping toward Sam.*] Well, Sam, they cannot compel you to go; you'r in a free State now, and can remain if you wish.

SAM—Am dat a fac, massa Frank? Den I'll stay shur. I'll jus go out de back way an hide 'till ole massa am off.

[*Exit R. 1 E., hurriedly, and change for coat covered with flour, and stand in L. 1 E. waiting cue.*]

[*Knocking without L. II.*]

MARY A.—Jimmie, there's some one knocking,—run see who it is.

JIMMIE—[*Running toward door L. II.*] Oh, its Mr. Van Dunderspeck. Come in neighbor. [*Boys Van Dunderspeck in.*]

JACOB—[*Excitedly.*] Goot morning mine frients, goot morning. Tem pe de vorst news vot I ever herd. Vy, it makes me joost so mad I could bite myself, I could kick my outsides in, unt preak every pone of mine life. Vy, my leetle poy Hans joost runs vild mit excitement, unt he raises so many as a dozen gumpanies ov meletia, unt he dress himself up unt look just like a solger, unt he goes all around te town looking for all de poys vot he can find now.

FARMER A.—Yes, brother Jacob, the news is indeed startling and we shall no doubt have war.

[*Drum outside L. II.*]

JIMMIE—[*Loud*] Helloo! I hear a drum; there's something going on; I'm going to see what it is.

[*Runs off L. 1 E., and stands waiting cue L. 1 E.*]

JACOB—Mine Goot in Himmel, vot troubles! vot troubles! Te hole guntry vas alive, unt everyoty vas talking var.

EMMA—Oh, Harry, my dear husband, you will not go? You must not leave me.

HARRY— \* \* \* It is their duty to obey.

MARY E.—But, father, how will we ever get the crops in if the boys all leave home?

FARMER A.—Never mind the crops, mother; we can manage them in some way.

NATTIE—[*Tearfully*] Why, father, Em and I can plant the corn, and plow it, too, if necessary, can't we, Em?

EMMA—Yes, indeed, that we can.

FARMER A.—Do you hear that, Jacob; we can never fail when our women lend such willing hands.

[*Enter Jimmie, hurriedly, L. 1 E.*]

JIMMIE—[*Excitedly*] Oh, mother! here comes Pussy Van Dunder-speck, and a whole lot of boys, going to town to enlist; I'm going, too!

MARY A.—Why, you silly boy,—you're too young,—what in the world could you do?

JIMMIE—Me, why, I can—drum,—steal chickens,— [*Business.*]

OMNE'S—Steal chickens?

JACOB—Aha! Dat vos te poy vot stole my hen-roost! Aha!—

FARMER A.—Gracious alive! who ever taught you such stuff as that? Go out and keep quiet.

[*Takes Jimmie by the ear and leads him toward the door*]

JIMMIE—[*Seeing Pussy.*] Halloo! here comes Pussy, now.

[*Pussy singing outside L. H., dog barking, &c., when Pussy comes stumbling in L. 1 E., with long Dutch pipe.*]

PUSSY—Get ou-et, get ou-et,—sohel ep me gracious, I dinks I kill dem dogs. [*Laughs. Business. Aside.*] I thot I vos all alone—How you vos, mine frients? I say, Honrie, comme, see here; canst tu Duitch spraken?—No,—vell, ten, I tole you in English,—how ish de famlish?

HARRY—They are all very well, I thank you.

PUSSY—Dat vos goot; shake. [*They shake hands. Business*]

PUSSY—I vos raisen some leetle gumpanies of sogers, unt I vant you unt your brudder Frank to go mit me in my gumpany, unt ve go right away off to the var, queek. Vot you say, eh?

HARRY— \* \* \* I'm with you.

PUSSY—Vell, dat vos goot; shake! [*They shake hands.*] My poys pe standin' down py te street, unt I goes right away off unt drills dem, vile you unt your brudder pe getting ready.

[*Business. Runs against Sam L. 1 E. who has on coat covered with flour.*]







Pussy—You petter look a leetle ou-et. [*Business.*]

SAM—Look out dar, you great big Dutch lumix, who you runnin agin, or I'll frow dis clar fru you. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Where have you been?

SAM—Why, you see, Massa Harry, I went out de back way to hide, so I crawled into de flour chist, an shut de lid down. I node de ole man couldn't fine me in dar; but whar am he—hab he gone? [*Looks about room.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Comes back for you.

SAM—But what's gwan on? What's all dis fuss about? Drums a betin, men a hollerin; why, dey almost scared me to def. Den dar's a whole lot of soger men out dar in de lane, an ole Cap'n Pussy Snickle-fritz, he looks as sabbage as a meat ax—nuff to make a feller turn white.

HARRY— \* \* \* Come, won't you go along?

SAM—Well, if de white folks am all gwan to town, I hab no dejections to go long wid em!

HARRY— \* \* \* After you get to town?

SAM—What! me go for a soger? I guess not—not if dis chile know's hisself, and I think he do.

HARRY— \* \* \* Why not?

SAM—Now, look a here, Massa Harry, did you ebber see two dogs fighten ober a bone?

HARRY— \* \* \* But what's that to do with it?

SAM—Well, Massa Harry, did—you—ebber—see—de bone get up an fight?

HARRY—I don't remember that I ever did.

SAM—I guess not. Now you boys can be de dogs and I'll be de bone, dat am de innocent cause of all dis fuss. But, as I said prebiously, before, consequently, if all de whitefolks am gwan to town I hab no dejections to go wid em.

HARRY— \* \* \* Put on your good clothes. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Yes, we will all go. Nattie, get my hat, coat, and cane; Frank, my boy, go out and hitch the horses to the big wagon; [*Business*] Mother, you and the girls get on your bonnets and shawls and be ready when we drive up;—come, neighbor, come.

[Exit ladies, all but Nattie, R. H., gentlemen L. H. Nattie drops into chair near stand and burries her face in her hands as if in tears.—Enter Edmund L. 1 E., cautiously, and lays his hand on Nattie's shoulder.]

EDMUND— \* \* \* I must speak to you.

NATTIE—[*Rising coldly.*] What, Edmund, you here?

EDMUND— \* \* \* What is my answer?

NATTIE—[*Proudly.*] This is your answer: Edmund Randolph, I am the daughter of a descendant of a noble line of ancestry, who are as proud of their lineage as the grandest monarch upon earth. You may search our history, and you will not find in the long and illustrious catalogue of glorious names, one single traitor to his country or its flag. You have this day openly avowed your sentiments, and determination. Your love for the South is far greater than for me. Oh, Edmund, think of such a step before it be too late, and as you value my love and happiness, oh, recall those rash vows you have made.

EDMUND— \* \* \* And purposes of years.

NATTIE—No, no, Edmund, I do not ask of you such a sacrifice; all I demand is for you to remain loyal to your country. Oh! Edmund, for my sake, unite your fortunes with the North and strive to perpetuate and strengthen the union of our fathers, rather than attempt its destruction, dissolution, and ruin.

EDMUND— \* \* \* Would be worse than treason.

NATTIE—If such be your resolution, I have determined upon my course. In your love of duty and for the South, you have divided our love, and I will have all or none. Oh, if you have a heart capable of loving, you will not torture me. [*Aside.*] How, oh, how can I accept a hand that ere long may be reddened with the blood of those I love? Oh, Edmund! leave me, leave me now and forever.

EDMUND— \* \* \* And may God bless you.

[*Kisses Nattie fervently and exits hurriedly* L. 1 E.]

NATTIE—[*Rushing after him toward the door.*] Oh, Edmund, Edmund, do not leave me in anger! Stay, if only for one moment.—He is gone—and—forever!

[*Nattie falls into a chair near stand, and covering her face with her hands, bursts into tears.*]

SCENE II.—Landscape or light wood—Enter Edmund and father L. 1 E. hurriedly, with traveling bags and overcoats.

EDMUND— \* \* \* I never can forgive them.

MR. R.—Now come, come, Edmund, do not be so violent; we have all been too hasty. We should not allow a slight difference of political opinions to create an enmity between such old friends as we and the Allens have been. Then, you must not forget your relations to Miss Nattie.

EDMUND— \* \* \* or we will miss the train. [*Both exit* R. 1 E.]





SCENE III.—Street or dark wood—Sign “Recruits Wanted”—American flag—Stand, with rolls upon it—Captain Towne discovered seated near stand c., reading paper and smoking cigar—Ink-stand and pen.

[*Hans' voice without* L. H.]

Pussy—Left! left! left! [*Enter with squad* L. V. E.] Left! left! left! [*Move around stage twice.*] Halt! [*Squad all fall down.*] Poys, vot makes you stop so suddent? Stop kinder easy like. Now den, fall in! fall in! line oop! line oop!—Dat vas goot; vront vace! [*Business.*] No, no, no, vace mid me, I tole you. [*Business.*] Dress oop a leeble on te otter ent. Dat vas right. Now den, poys, I tole you some dings: Dos repels down Sou-eth vas kicking oop a dundering muss, unt it vos our tuty to go right away down unt clean em all on-et; unt ven ve gets trilled, vy, ve go; unt dat is vy I trill you now. Ven I kome to dis guntry I vas only a Cap'n, unt if you go mit me, I make you all Cap'n's joost like me,—dats so,—vill you go?

OMNES—Yes! yah! etc.

Pussy—Dat vos goot; now, poys, look ou-et of dose gunts. Orter arms! [*No. 5 man drops gun on toe.*] Dat vos too pad mine frient; but dat gun moost strike some vare, unt if your feet pe so pig, vy, I cant hel-ep it. Present gunts! [*All rush toward him with guns.*] Oh, no, no, no, somedings like dis.—Dont make fools on top ov yourself. [*Shows them how, awkwardly.*] Present gunts! dat vos goot. Vy, poys, ve learn right away queek. Orter arms! Goot. Now, poys, ve inspect doze gunts. Make dem ramrods out ov doze gunts, right away, queek! [*Business. First man can't draw ramrod.*] Vell, vot in the tuyfel is de matter ov you, eh? Vy don't you take dos ramrods ou-et? [*Business with first man's gun.*] Take hold ov dat gunt; now pull! pull! [*Ramrod pulls out, and both fall on floor; Pussy gets up slowly.*] Mine frient, you had petter make some pacon rind on dat gunt. [*Takes second man's gun.*] Vell, dat vos joost so goot as his. [*Takes third man's gun.*] Py jeemeny crack, dat vos de vorst gunt vot I ever see. How in de vorld you ever get dem ramrods ou-et? [*Takes fourth man's gun.*] So hel-ep me gracious, dat vos de vorst gunt ov any. Mine frient, you had petter greece dat gunt mit brick-dust. [*Takes fifth man's gun.*] Now, poys, dat vos a nice gunt. Joost look ov dat gunt. I tole you all de vile dat vos such a nice gunt. I make dat man my high private. [*Pussy fires off No. 5 man's gun; all scatter* R. and L. *Business for Pussy.*] Fall in! fall in! poys, line oop! line oop! [*Squad enter slowly.*] You vos a nice set ov cowards to go off mit dat var; vot you done in dat var mitout me. So hel-ep me gracious, ef I dot dare vos von coward in my gumpany, I would keek him right away ou-et, queek, mit my

von hand. [*Business. No. 1 man fires off gun; all scatter, terribly frightened, Pussy more than ever—who flounders and kicks about the stage, then slowly and timidly regains his composure, assuming an air of boldness.*] Fall in! fall in! line oop! line oop! Godfry tam, but I vos scart most my wits ou-et.—Fall in! fall in! [*Men slowly enter.*] Now, vront vace, queek! Lets get out ov dis.—Right vace! left! left! left! etc. [*All more off stage L. H., leaving Pussy alone.*] Halt! [*Business.*] Vell, I should say I vas left. [*Runs off L. C. E. Business for boys, etc.*]

Enter Harry, Frank, Wilson, Horton, and Sam, all shake hands with Capt. Towne.

HARRY— \* \* \* Any recruits this morning?

CAPT.—Yes, I wan't a few more to fill up my company.

WILSON—Captain, did you see anything of Pussy Van Dunderspeck? He came down this way with a lot of boys to enlist; we should like to all go in the same company.

CAPT.—Yes, he was here in the street a little while ago, drilling a squad of recruits, he said he was waiting for you, boys.

HORTON—Yes, and here he comes now. [*Enter Pussy L. 2 L.*] Cap'n, we'll all go in your company.

PUSSY—Vell, I shoood joost like to find dat little gumpany. [*Business.*] I say, Cap'n, you should give me something nice for pringing you so many men, pesides I vas understands de trill too.

SAM—[*Laughing*] I say, Massa Cap'n, don't you make dat man Commissary, or else de whole rest of de company will starve to def.

CAPT.—Well, Pussy, what kind of an office do you want?

PUSSY—Vell, I don't pe particular—Sheneral, Colonel, Corporals, Captain, or some such little dings.

CAPT.—All right, Pussy, I'll make you—eighth corporal.

SAM—Eight corporals! hy-golly, he's big enough to make a dozen; but I say, Massa Cap'n, you'd better put dat man in de front rank, for he'll make bully breast-works for de whole rest of de company.

HARRY— \* \* \* Put down our names—

FRANK—Hold on, Harry, don't enlist yet—wait until father and the rest come—they will be here directly.

[*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Nattie, Emma, Jimmie, Jacob Van Dunderspeck, and citizens R. I E. Business.*]

FARMER A.—Good morning, Captain, good morning. [*Shakes hands.*] This looks very much like business. I'm a little too old to go myself, but here are my two boys, and as dearly as I love them, I will let them take my place.

CAPT.—That is the right spirit, Mr. Allen, and argues well for our







cause. A country containing such true and loyal hearts is worthy of any sacrifice we can make for her.

EMMA—Oh ! Harry, must you go ? How can I give you up ?

HARRY— \* \* \* The name of Americans.

MARY A.—My boys, I fear for your safety, but if it is your duty, then go, Heaven will guard and protect you, for our cause is just.

JIMMIE—Say, Captain, let me go,—can't I, mother ?

MARY A.—Oh, no, Jimmie, you are too small—you could never endure the hardships of a soldier's life ; besides, they will not take you any way.

JIMMIE—Yes you will, won't you, Captain ?

CAPT.—I fear you are too small for a soldier, my boy.

JIMMIE—Well, but I can be a drummer.

CAPT.—If you will go as a drummer, and your parents are willing, I suppose that I can take you.

MARY A.—No, no, Captain, do not say so. Jimmie, my darling, I cannot loose you, too.

[*If Jimmie can sing, introduce the following song, air "Minnie Lee :"*]

Let me go, my dearest mother,  
Let your doubting heart be still ;  
We must conquer this rebellion,  
We must conquer, and we will.  
Now, the faithful must not falter ;  
Let your tears no longer flow,—  
Brother Harry will protect me.  
Dearest mother, let me go.

[*If he cannot sing, omit song and say :*]

JIMMY—Oh, yes, mother, do let me go,—Harry and Frank will take care of me. [*Business.*]

MARY A.—Jimmie, my darling boy, it will break my heart. But if you can be of any service to your country, then go, and may Heaven shield and protect you from all harm. [*Weeps.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Let's sign the rolls. [*Business. Boys sign roll.*]

FARMER A.—Yes, go, my boys ; you are but doing your duty ; and may the blessing of the Almighty rest upon you.—Come, mother, come.

[*Exit Allen and family, citizens, etc., R. and L.*]

CAPTAIN—[*Gathering up rolls.*] Now, boys, come, I will issue your clothing, and we will join the regiment. [*All start to exit L. H.*]

SAM—[*Hurriedly.*] Hole on dar, Massa Cap'n, hole on ; if de boys am all gwan to war, why, I got de feber too, for de cullerd troops dey fight bravely.

CAPTAIN—Well, Sam, if you go, I make you company cook.

MUSIC.

Exit omnes L. H.—clear stage—companies form and move on immediately L. 1 s., going through with military evolutions in which they are best drilled, closing with colonel's commanding.

COL. HALL—Battalion, halt! front! on center, dress! front! order, arms! parade rest! [*Business.*]

[Allen family, Jacob Van Dunderspeck, and citizens enter R. 1 r. Farmer Allen, bearing American flag, which he hands to Nattie.]

#### MUSIC.

[Nattie sings "The Star Spangled Banner," soldiers and citizens joining in chorus after which she presents flag.]

NATTIE—Col. Hall, allow me, in behalf of the ladies of ————, to present to your regiment this stand of colors, feeling assured that we trust it in the hands of those who will never allow its bright stars and stripes to be trailed in the dust by traitor hands. You go forth to fight for one country and one flag,—we stay home to aid you with our prayers and our devotions. Colonel, take this flag, and stand by it until it shall wave over every foot of American soil. [*Hands flag, and retires up stage.*]

COL. H.—Ladies, in behalf of this regiment, which I have the honor to command, I accept this beautiful flag, assuring you that its bright stars and stripes shall never be sullied by any act of ours; we take it, and the behest of its fair donors shall ever be an incentive to die, if need be, in its defense. Attention, battalion! In place, rest! Now, boys, three cheers for the ladies of ————; hip, hip, hurrah! Tiger. Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms! Color guard to the front and centre, march! [*Serg't salutes flag.*] Sergeant, in your hands I place this sacred trust. [*Hands flag to serg't.*] Color-guard, about face! Battalion, present arms! Color-guard, to your post—march! Battalion, shoulder arms! Right face! [*Music.*] Battalion, forward,—head of the column to the left,—march! [*Business. Soldiers move off, friends bid good-bye, stage darkens, etc.*]

#### GRAND TABLEAU.

*Curtain.*





## ACT II.

SCENE II.—The bivouac by night—Dark wood—Stage dark—Soldiers discovered sleeping—Sentinels on duty R. and L. hand—Harry Allen discovered seated on blanket, reading a letter, R. C., by lighted candle in a boyonet, placed in Jimmie's drum.

Music as curtain rises.

HARRY— \* \* \* The dear ones at home. [*Tableau, Soldier's dream.*]

MUSIC.

Refrain, "Home Sweet Home," with invisible chorus. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Of my dear wife and child.

MUSIC, TAPS.

HARRY— \* \* \* My turn on picket. [*Business.*]

When Harry lies down to sleep, the tramp of the Grand Rounds is heard approaching R. 1. E. Serg't of Grand Rounds enters, Capt. Towne commanding. [*Business.*]

1ST SENTINEL—Halt! Who goes there?

SERG'T—Grand Rounds.

1ST SENT.—Stand, Rounds? Advance, Sergeant, with the countersign. [*Business.*]

1ST SENT.—The countersign is correct. Advance, Rounds. [*Capt. Towne advances.*]

CAPT. T.—Sentinel, what are your instructions?

1ST SENT.—To allow no unnecessary noise, and no one to pass without the countersign.

CAPT. T.—Your instructions are correct. Keep a strict watch, and if anything unusual occurs, send for me immediately. Sergeant, advance your guard to the next post.

SERG'T.—Guard, forward march!

[Each sentinel challenges in the same manner and receive the same instructions, when the Grand Rounds exit L. 1 E., and quietness is restored. Reveille is sounded without R. and L.; each company fall in for roll-call. When ranks are broken, then introduce LIFE IN CAMP, songs, dances, quartetts, contrabands, business, etc., etc., until assembly is sounded, when each company fall in and company commanders take command of their respective companies. Then Colonel Hall enters L. 1 E. and takes position; Adjutant presents regiment, etc.]

COL. H.—Battalion, order arms! parade, rest!

MUSIC.

"Hail to the Chief," as Gen. Grant and staff approaches, and are about to enter L. 1 E.

COL. H.—Attention, battalion! shoulder arms! [*As Gen'l Grant and staff enter L. 1 E.*]

COL. H.—Present arms! [*General raises hat.*]

COL. H.—Battalion, shoulder arms!

GEN'L GRANT—Colonel, I wish to inspect your regiment. [*Business.*]

#### INSPECTION.

GEN'L G.—Colonel, pass your regiment in review.

COL. H.—Battalion, shoulder arms! right face! pass in review! battalion, forward; head of column to the left; march! [*Troops move off L. 1 E.*]

#### MUSIC.

[*After troops move off, General lights cigar and walks stage from L. to R. once or twice, then turning to Chief of Staff—*]

GEN'L G.—General, is there any news from Buell yet?

GEN'L R.—No, sir.

GEN'L G.—I do wish he would hurry up. I fear an attack from the enemy, and my force is too small to contend with him in my present exposed position.

MAJ. DENT.—[*Entering R. 2 E., saluting.*] Sir, General Printiss sends compliments, and desires me to inform you that the enemy are appearing in force in his front.

GEN'L G.—Sir, order General Printiss to hold his position at all hazards, but to avoid a general engagement, if possible. [*Maj. Dent. retires up stage and converses in dumb show with Staff. General Grant walks stage from R. to L. meditatively once or twice.*]

GEN'L G.—I must have further information in regard to the enemy's movements. [*Reflects a moment.*] Major Dent.! [*Dent. comes down and salutes.*] Inform Colonel Hall of the —— Infantry that I wish to see him immediately.

MAJ. D.—Yes, sir. [*Maj. Dent. salutes and exits L. 1. E., and enters L. 5. E. with Col. Hall.*]

MAJ. D.—General, Colonel Hall. [*Col. salutes.*]

GEN'L G.—Good morning, Colonel.

COL. H.—Good morning, General.

GEN'L G.—Colonel, I require the services of a shrewd, intelligent, and courageous man,—one whom I can trust upon an important secret mission; can you furnish me such an one from your regiment?

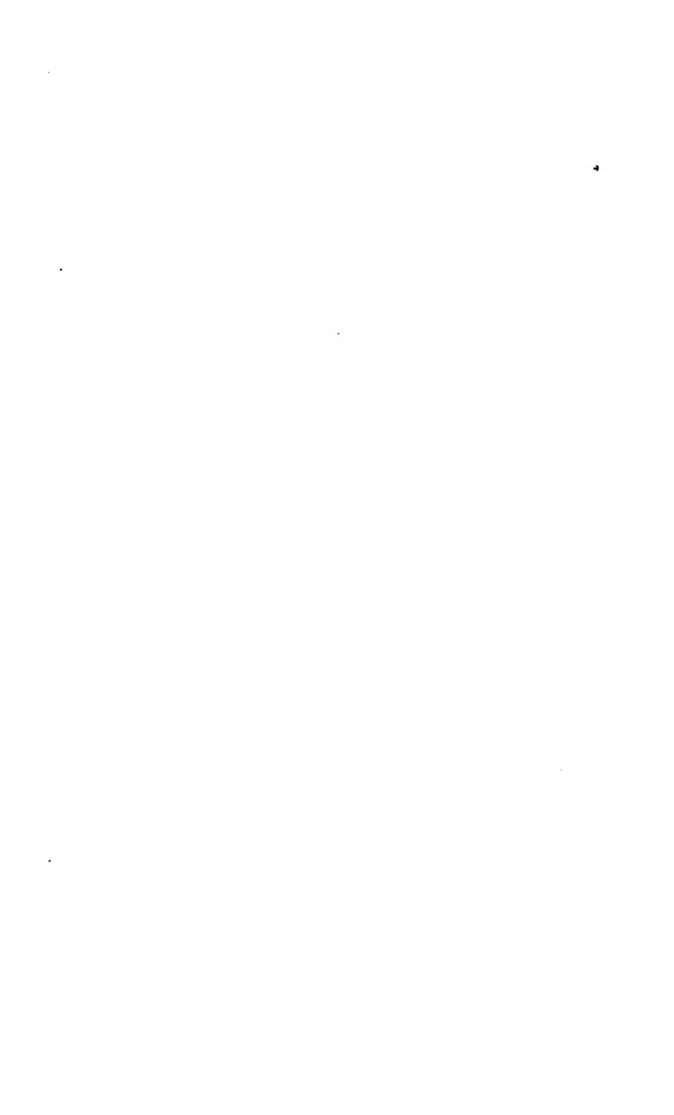
COL. H.—Yes, General, I think I can.

GEN'L G.—Then, have him detailed and sent to these headquarters at once.

COL. H.—Is that all, General?

GEN'L G.—That is all, sir.







COL. H.—Good morning, General.

GEN'L G.—Good morning, Colonel. [*Col. exits L. U. E. General walks stage from R. to L.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* To report to you.

GEN'L G.—Sergeant, step this way; I have something of importance to communicate to you. I have sent for you, sir, to go upon a hazardous and dangerous mission, that is, I want you to enter the enemy's lines as a spy; ascertain all you can in regard to his movements, numbers, and situations, and report the same to me at the earliest possible moment. Are you willing to do so?

HARRY— \* \* \* I will undertake the service.

GEN'L G.—Well, sir, you can be of much greater service, and if successful, I assure you that you shall be promoted. You must exercise the utmost care and caution, for, if you are discovered, you will be shot. You had better provide yourself with a suit of citizens clothing, and pass yourself off as a resident of this vicinity. Go now, prepare yourself, and in one hour report to my headquarters for further instructions and a pass through our lines. [*Exit Harry L. 2 E.—Gen'l walks once across stage, then turns to staff.*] Gentlemen, we will go down to the river, I wish to communicate with the commodore in regard to crossing Buell over when he arrives. [*Gen'l exits with staff R. 1 E.—Enter Harry hurriedly, followed by Frank, L. U. E.*]

FRANK—Hold on, Harry, do not go on this perilous expedition. If you are discovered you will be shot.

HARRY— \* \* \* Perish in the attempt.

FRANK—Well, then, if you are determined to go, I will get old Sam to go with you, for he's acquainted with every inch of the ground between our lines and Corinth, and besides he's smart, and may be of great service to you.

HARRY— \* \* \* And may God bless you. [*Exit R. U. E.*]

FRANK—Harry! Harry! wait for me; I'll go with you to the lines.

MUSIC.

NOTE.—Here may be introduced the Confederate army, with General Beauregard and staff, if desired, and stage be large enough. If not, the scene had better be omitted.

SCENE III.—Music, "Dixie,"—Light wood—Enter Captain Randolph commanding Rebel guard R. 1 E. [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Here comes some one now. [*Enter Sam L. 1 E., whistling "Dixie."*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Have you got a pass?

SAM—Yes, Massa,—clar to goodness,—Ise got one yer somwhar.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* When did you get it?

SAM—I got it yesterday evenin, when I was down in you-ens camp.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Where did you get it?

SAM—From de Gineril.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Blockhead,—from what General?

SAM—Why, de Gineril of de army.

CAPT. R.—The General of which army?

SAM—De Gineril ob de army whar de sogermens all stay, down dar in de bush.

CAPT. R.—Well, well, hurry up; let's see your pass. [*Business.*]

SAM—Dars your pass, Massa. [*Hands pass.*]

CAPT. R.—[*Examines pass.*] That's all right; I see, its from General Cheatham.

SAM—Yes, I node it was Cheat-em, Swindle-em, or sumfin like dat.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Be caught out as late again.

SAM—Tank you, Massa Gineril, tank you. [*Crosses to R. H. Aside.*] If ole Massa Edum node it was dis chile, wouldn't he go fru me mighty lively tho? But now Ise in de lines, I wonder whar I'll fine poor Massa Harry? [*Exit Sam R. 1 E.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Right shoulder, shift arms! forward march. [*Exit with guard R. 1 E.*]

Captain R. moves guard on stage quickly behind scene, and is discovered in command of entire picket guard as scene opens. Blanket on stage.

SCENE IV.—Sergeant De Yoe discovered with guard when scene opens.

SERG'T DE YOE—Fall in, second relief! fall in! Guard, right face! counter march by file left, march! [*Exit with guard L. 2 E.*]

[*Enter Sam R. 2 E., eating a pie.*]

SAM—Hello, boys! dont you want to buy some prowisions?

CAPT. R.—How do you sell 'em, Uncle?

SAM—Only two dollars apiece; dem's nice fresh pies. [*Soldiers feel in Sam's basket.*] Look out dar, boys, look out; don't go for to take dem pies without payin' for dem. [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Confederate money or greenbacks?

SAM—I'll take de corn-fed ebry time; I don't like dem Linkum green-bae's no how.

SERG'T DE YOE—[*Entering with squad L. 2. E.*] Squad, halt! front! order arms!

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* At the outposts, Sergeant?

SERG'T DE YOE—Everything is all right, I believe, Cap'n.

CAPT. R.—Sergeant, you may discharge your relief.





SERG'T DE YEO—Guard, stack arms! right face! break ranks—march! [*Exit Capt. R. R. U. E.*]

SAM—Say, boys, maybe you-ens would like to buy some pies?

SERG'T DE YOE—[*Feeling in Sam's basket.*] What have you got in your basket, old man? [*Business.*]

SAM—Look out dar now, keep your dirty fingers out of dem pies, unless you buys som of dem. [*Business.*]

SERG'T DE YOE—What's that you say, you black imp? Boys, get that blanket and we'll hoop the old nigger up, and learn him how to talk to white folks.

[Boys shake Sam up; during the excitement Captain Randolph enters R. U. E.]

CAPT. R.—There, there, boys, that will do. [*Business.*]

SAM—Boys, dats treatin' de ole man mighty ruff, now, I tole you; I aint use to such kind of business no how.

[*Voice without.*] Fall in, guard, officer of the day!

[Capt. R. and Serg't De Yoe form guard. When Col. Randolph enters R. 2 E., Capt R. gives order.]

CAPT. R.—Guard, present arms! [*Col. R. salutes, then crosses stage to L. 2 E. and looks off.*]

CAPT. R.—Guard, shoulder arms! [*Col. R. turns to Capt. R.*]

COL. R.—Captain, dismiss your guard. [*Col. R. turns again and looks off L.*]

CAPT. R.—Guard, order arms! rest! [*Col. R. approaches Capt. R., and they shake hands.*]

COL. R.—Good evening, Captain.

CAPT. R.—Good evening, Colonel.

COL. R.—How is everything in front?

CAPT. R.—All quiet, sir, I believe. [*Business.*]

[Corporal Clarke enters, followed by Harry Allen as Old Man of the mountains, L. 2 E.]

CORP'L CLARKE—Colonel [*Salutes*], I found this old man prowling about our lines, and I brought him to you. He says he lives about here, and wants to pass through.

COL. R.—That's all right, Corporal; return to your post. [*Corporal salutes, and exits L. 2 E. Business.*]

COL. R.—I say, old man, where are you going? [*Business.*] Say, my man, where are you going?

HARRY— \* \* \* Eh,—did you speak to me?

COL. R.—Yes, sir, I spoke to you,—where are you going?

HARRY— \* \* \* Don took all I had.

SAM—Bress my soul, if dat aint Massa, now. If de ole man Randolph ebber finds him out, he's gwan up, shur.

COL. R.—Where do you live?—Confound a deaf man, any how.—  
[*Louder.*] Say, old man,—where—do—you—live?

HARRY— \* \* \* Down thar by de branch.

COL. R.—Did you see any Yankees down there? [*Louder.*] Did you see any Yankees down there this morning?

HARRY— \* \* \* Than the leaves on these trees.

COL. R.—Well, you'll not see so many of them at this time to-morrow.  
[*Retires up stage.*] Captain, the orders are very strict to-night; you will double your picket lines after dark, and keep very quiet. Halt all persons approaching your out posts, allow no noise or unnecessary fires. General Johnstone intends to attack the Yankees at day-break, and will move out the entire army on the Shilo road during the night. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Your life recognize me now.

SAM—All right, Massa; de ole man aint gone crazy yet.

COL. R.—Captain, take this old man to General Johnstone's headquarters; he may possibly have some knowledge or information that will be of service to him. [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* A spy from the Yankee army!

OMNES—A spy!!

CAPT. R.—Yes, behold! Harry Allen! [*Business.*]

CHORD.

COL. R.—Harry Allen! the son of my old friend, as I live!

SAM—Now den, dat poor boy will hav to pass in his checks, shur!

COL. R.—I am sorry, sir, to find you in this situation, and fear I shall be able to do but little in your behalf—

HARRY— \* \* \* At your hands.

COL. R.—[*In anger.*] Be guarded, sir, in your answers; I may have it in my power to be of service to you, and a more respectful tone would better become you. What was your object in entering our lines?

HARRY—That question I will never answer.

COL. R.—Then, sir, it will be answered by a military court martial.  
[*Reluctingly.*] But come, Harry, be reasonable, I am disposed to do all I can for you. Give me all the information you can in regard to your forees, movements, numbers, and situations, and I will intercede for and obtain your pardon.

HARRY— \* \* \* Upon the altar of my country.

COL. R.—[*Angrily.*] Very well, sir, you have sealed your own doom. You have been captured as a spy; you shall be tried as a spy, and, if found guilty, hung as a spy! Captain, put this man under strong guard, and keep him there until I send for him. [*Col. R. returns up stage and converses in dumb show with guard.*]







CAPT. R.—All right, Colonel. [*Capt. R. forms guard, quietly.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* My relief, if possible. Be quick, go.

SAM—All right, Massa,—Ise off. [*Exit Sam, hurriedly, R. 1 E.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* By file right, march! [*Exit R. 1 E.*]

SCENE VI.—Light wood—Enter Sam, hurriedly, R. 1 E., all out of breath.

SAM—Now, den, Ise got away from dem Johnny rebs; I must hunt up de Gineril, an' tell him all about de rebs gwan to tack him in de morning, an' dat Massa Harry am a prisoner, an' ax him for to send out a crowd an' help de poor boy out. By golly, dis nigger must hurry up or he'll be late, shur! [*Exit L. 1 E., running.*]

SCENE VII.—Rocky pass, or dark wood,—set rocks on L. H., sentinel on duty.—Harry Allen, Capt. Randolph, and rebel soldiers discovered.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* And thus thwart me.

HARRY— \* \* \* You cowardly rebel traitors.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Of a court martial.

HARRY— \* \* \* As you will.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* A few moments to live.

HARRY— \* \* \* And that is—SURRENDER. [*Business.*]

TABLEAU.

MUSIC.

SCENE VIII.—Light wood, or landscape.

SAM—[*Outside R. 1 E., loudly.*] Come along here, Massa Cap'n—come along [*Enter Sam R. 1 E., with Captain Randolph a prisoner*]; de boys tole me for to take you down to camp, an' Ise gwan to do it, shur,—so come along.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* This rope, and let me go.

SAM—No sir-ee; I couldn't do dat no how. You can't buy me off dat cheap, so move along an' don't be a-foolin wid de ole man.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Come, do let me go.

SAM—Oh, no, Massa Cap'n, I couldn't go bac on de United States for no fifty dollars.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* And set me free.

SAM—A hundred dollars! dats a good deal of money; but look y'ar, Massa Cap'n, I guess you don't know dis ole chile. [*Throws off whiskers.*] Massa Edum, you didn't ebber spec to see de ole man boss, did you?

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* A good master to you?

SAM—Yes, Massa Edum, you was always a purty good massa to me, dats a fac, but dars no use in talkin', dis nigger can't sour on de boys—so come along.

CAPT. R. \* \* \* If you will only set me free.

SAM—Now, Massa, don't try for to tempt de ole man. De Lord knows, I should like to see my ole wife an' de little ones, an' He, in his own good time will fotch dem to me,—but, Massa, I couldn't break de promise dat I made de boys, if I node it would free dem all, and I become de owner of de whole confederacy, so come along an' no more foolishness.

CAPT. R.—[*Business.*] \* \* \* You will not release me?

SAM—For de last time, Massa Edum, dis ole darky says, No! and he means business.

CAPT. R.—Then, take that, you black rascal. [*Capt. R. knocks Sam down, and exits R. 1 E.*]

SAM—Hole on dar, Massa Edum; I'll take dat hundred dollars. [*Runs off R. 1 E.*]

SCENE IX.—Dark wood—General Grant and staff discovered looking off R. H. with field-glasses—Orderlies exit and enter from R. to L., bearing dispatches.

CAPT. TOWNE—[*Enters R. 2 E. with Harry and Sam.*] General, these men came to our skirmish line and wished to be brought directly to you. They are from the enemy's lines, with valuable information. [*Capt. T. exits R. 2 E.*]

GEN'L G.—Why, it is the spy I sent out! My man, did you succeed in entering the enemy's lines?

HARRY— \* \* \* Their column's in motion in the distance.

GEN'L G.—My brave fellow, you have done nobly, and shall not be forgotten. [*To Chief of Staff.*] General, enter an order recommending the immediate promotion of First Sergeant Henry Allen, of Company A. ———, Regiment ——— Infantry, to be made Major, and A. D. C., to be assigned to my personal Staff, for brave and meritorious services.

HARRY— \* \* \* If its going into a fight.

GEN'L G.—Very well, sir, you may do so for the present, if you desire.

HARRY— \* \* \* Come along, Sam, let's go to the regiment. [*Business.*]

GEN'L G.—Hold on, my colored friend, what can I do for you?

SAM—You can't do nuffin for me, Massa Ginerill, unless you double my rations.

GEN'L G.—Double your rations? Why, sir, they shall be thribbled; and more than that, I will confer upon you the right of suffrage.

SAM—Tank you, Massa Gineril, tank you. 'Deed, chile, dis ole nigger has done suffered nuff already.

GEN'L G.—Oh, no, sir, you do not understand me; I mean that I will change your condition, that is, give you your freedom. [*Business.*]





SAM—Tank you, Massa Ginerill, tank you. I'll take some ob dat in mine ebry day in de week.

HARRY—Well, come on Sam, let's go to the regiment. [*Exit Harry and Sam* L. 1 E.]

MAJ. DENT.—[*Entering* R. 2 E., *hurriedly*.] Sir, General Sherman sends compliments, and desires me to inform you that the enemy are advancing in force. [*Exit Maj. Dent*, R. 2 E.]

GEN'L G.—[*To chief of staff*.] Sir, order the long roll sounded, and the whole command under arms immediately. Order General Wallace's division to the extreme right and have the artillery take position in front. The enemy evidently intend offering us battle. [*Long roll, music, firing bomb shells, etc.*]

TABLEAU.

*Curtain.*



### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Battlefield at night.—Dark wood.—Col. Randolph, Harry, Jimmie, and Sam, also dead and wounded soldiers, and sisters of mercy discovered.

Music as curtain rises.

[*Business*.]

HARRY— \* \* \* I'm dying of thirst.

SAM—Here it is, Massa Harry. Cheer up, you's all right yet, chile.

COL. R.—Water, water. In Heaven's name give me some wa-ter.

HARRY— \* \* \* Never mind me. [*Business*.]

SAM—I clar to goodness, Massa Harry, if it aint ole Massa Randolph ; poor ole man, he seems almost gone.

HARRY— \* \* \* Give him the water.

COL. R.—Harry, I am severely wounded ; yes, dying—forgive me—and if you survive this hour, tell my old friend, your father, that Col. Randolph, dying upon the battlefield—regrets—and prays—Heaven—to—forgive his treason—to—the—old—flag.[*Col. R. dies*.]

JIMMIE—Oh! help! Mother! Harry! Where are you?

HARRY—Over yonder—yonder. [*Business*.]

SAM—Bress de Lord, Massa Harry, if it aint poor little Jimmie!

MUSIC. [*Business*.]

HARRY— \* \* \* Sam! Sam!

SAM—Yes, Massa.

HARRY— \* \* \* I'm so faint. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Sam, my dear old friend, good bye—  
God bless you. [*Exit bearers with Harry R. 2 E.*]

MUSIC.

TABLEAU.

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#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Andersonville Prison Pen—Stockade across rear of stage—Sentinel on duty—Harry, Jimmie, Wilson, Horton, Pussy, and prisoners discovered in torn and ragged garments.

MUSIC.

HARRY— \* \* \* and been spared this living death. [*Business.*]

WILSON—Come, cheer up, Harry; don't be so disheartened; we will yet live to see these villains hung up like dogs, for our government is bound to win. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* He did not have half enough.

WILSON—I know it is hard, very hard. But cheer up, old friend, we still have left us the prisoners' hope, we may yet be exchanged.

JIMMIE—Harry, brother, have you anything to eat? I'm so hungry.

HARRY— \* \* \* Will give us something soon.

JIMMIE—Oh, what would mother say if she could see us now? But she does not know how we suffer, and I'm glad of it, for it would make her feel so badly to know that her boys are starving, for I am starving, brother.

HARRY— \* \* \* To help or save. [*Business.*]

JIMMIE—There, there, brother, never mind me; I will try and keep up; I cannot bear to hear you talk so; I do not feel so very hungry after all.

OMNES—Bread! bread! bread! [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* [*Entering R. U. E.*] Or I'll brain some of you.

WILSON—Then give us something to eat, you heartless villain—

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Till you howl for mercy.

WILSON—Whip me, will you? Do it, if you dare! I'm a Federal







soldier, and my Government would hang you like a dog if you dare do such a thing.

OMNES—Go for him! give it to him, Wilson! [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.—[*Going to R. U. E.*] \* \* \* I'll give you something to howl for.

HARRY— \* \* \* This poor, starving boy.

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* And I'll keep my oath.

HARRY— \* \* \* Have mercy! have mercy! [*Kneels.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* No, never!

HARRY—Then, where will all this end?

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Rot, starve, and die!

JIMMIE—Oh, Harry, get up and be a man; I would rather starve than see you humble yourself before that cruel, hard-hearted coward. [*Shakes fist at Capt. R. Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* You little imp.

JIMMIE—You—

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* I'll soon fix you. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* I'll brain you, fiend—

CAPT. R.—You will, will you—take that! [*Business.*]

JIMMIE—Oh you wretch, I'll choke the life out of you. [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.—I'll soon fix you. [*Business.*]

JIMMIE. [*Running from Capt. R.*] Oh, help! Boys, he'll murder me. [*Randolph fires, and Jimmie falls.*]

MUSIC. [*Business.*]

CAPT. R.— \* \* \* Back! Back! Back! [*Capt. R. exits R. U. E.—Business.*]

WILSON—Poor Jimmie's troubles are over at last. I fear he is dead. Oh, God, this is terrible. Harry lies insensible, where that brute knocked him down; 'twould be a blessing could he remain so. [*Business.*] Harry, Harry, get up, that villain has killed your brother Jimmie.

Harry— \* \* \* What did you say?

WILSON—That rebel captain has killed Jimmie.

HARRY— \* \* \* No, no—not killed him?

WILSON—Yes, he has,—see there, see there!

MUSIC. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Speak to me, speak to me.

JIMMIE—Mother, mother, come to me. Oh, where have I been—where am I? Harry, brother, is that you? Pray for me, I am dying. Oh, if I could only see mother again.

HARRY— \* \* \* You will see mother again.

JIMMIE—Yes, yes, I will see her again, but not in this world. If you live to see her, tell her—I will meet her—up there—up there! [*Dies.*]

MUSIC. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* It drives me mad! [*Business.*]

WILSON—Oh, God, this is dreadful, it will kill Harry, too. Fred spread that blanket and we will lay Jimmie out, for he is dead. Why don't our government release us from this more than hell? Have they, too, given us up?

HORTON—No, no, George, they will never forsake us so long as this dear old flag floats over us. [*Takes a little flag from his bosom.*] Be careful, don't let the guard see it. I have carried this little emblem of my country's greatness through all my sufferings and deprivations next to my heart, for it brought back to me memories of happier days, when we stood beneath its starry folds breathing the air of freedom. Take it, and place it upon Jimmie's breast, and bury it with him, and it will be a shield that will protect him, brightning in its lustre and beauty, throughout eternity.

MUSIC.

Song, "Tramp! Tramp!"

[*Business.*]

FRANK—[*Enters with Co. of U. S. soldiers, bearing flag, R. U. E., Capt. R. a prisoner.*] Cheer up, boys, we've come to set you free. [*Business.*]

Song, "Rally round the flag."

FRANK—Why, George Wilson, is this you? Great Heavens, how you have changed.

WILSON—Oh, Frank, I'm so glad to see you. [*Business.*]

FRANK—And Pussy, too. Why, Pussy, what's the matter of you? Where's the rest of you?

PUSSY—Yes, Frank, dis vos all der vos left ov me. I loose all ov my beautiful form. Dis prison piness don't agree mit me, unt I wants to go home, unt see my ma. [*Cries.*]

FRANK—Well, my poor boy, you shall go. [*Business.*] And here is Fred. Horton. Boys, I am delighted to see you,—but where is Harry? Is he not here? Was he not captured with you?

HORTON—Frank, I'm afraid you've come too late to save him; there he lies. [*Points to Harry. Business.*]

FRANK—Great Heavens! that is not Harry,—'tis impossible! he is not dead! [*Business.*] Harry, Harry, look up, don't you know me? [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Who is it?





FRANK—Me, Harry ; your brother Frank, don't you know me ? See ! there's the old flag,—we've come to take you home. [*Business.*]

HARRY— \* \* \* Save our darling brother Jimmie.

FRANK—Jimmie ! in Heaven's name, what of him ?

HARRY—He's dead, dead, dead ! [*Business.*]

FRANK—Dead, did you say ? Boys, where is he ?

WILSON—Here, Frank, here. [*Throws blanket off from Jimmie's face.*]

FRANK—[*Business.*] Oh ! Jimmie, my little brother, dead ! would to God I could have been spared this. What will my poor mother say when she hears the sad news that her darling boy is dead,—why, he has been shot ! tell me, who has committed this deed ? that I may rid the earth of such a monster ! [*Business.*]

WILSON—That fiend there, Edmund Randolph !

CAPT. R.—Fiend, etc. \* \* \* Do your worst.

FRANK—Edmund Randolph, is it possible that you have committed this deed ? You, whose place it should have been to cherish and protect him ; you, who once sought to win the love of that boy's sister ?—

CAPT. R.—Hold ! hold ! Frank Allen, etc., etc. \* \* \* You cowardly Yankee hireling.

FRANK—Die, monster ! [*Fires, and Randolph falls.*] Your life alone can expiate your crime. [*Business.*]

[*All kneel on stage and form picture.*]

CAPT. R.—[*Struggling.*] Your bullet has found a resting-place in a true Southern heart. [*Falls, and dies.*]

MUSIC.

Refrain, " Sleep, Dearest, Sleep."

TABLEAU.

*Curtain.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plain chamber, same as in Act 1st, Scene 1st—Sofa R. H.—Six chairs—Stand L. C., with spread upon it—Farmer Allen, Mrs. Mary Allen, Emma, Nattie, Harry, and Winnie discovered—Chair, with small drum upon it—c. two newspapers.

Music as curtain rises.

MARY A.—Thank God, the war is almost over, and our dear boys will soon be home again.

NATTIE—Yes, mother, all that are left of them. But oh, to think of the many vacant chairs and desolate hearth-stones that may be found throughout our grief-stricken land.

HARRY—Yes, Nattie there are indeed many sad and desolate hearth-stones, and scarcely a fireside throughout the length and breadth of our land but has one vacant chair. Please sing for us, sister, that song we all love so much, "The Vacant Chair."

NATTIE—Yes, brother, for little Jimmie's vacant chair makes that song dear to us all. [*Nattie sings "The Vacant Chair."*]

MARY A.—Oh, Harry, I never hear that song but it reminds me of our dear, dead boy.

HARRY— \* \* \* Better world than this.

EMMA—Harry, I heard you say this morning that as soon as you had grown a little stronger, you were going to report for duty. But oh, you will not go back again, will you? for we cannot, cannot, part with you, and besides the war is nearly over. [*Business.*]

HARRY—Emma, although home and friends may be very dear to me, the first duties of a soldier are obedience to orders, loyalty to country and her insulted flag. I have been home nearly two months already, and duty once again calls me to the front, and I must go.

FARMER A.—Nobly spoken, my brave boy, nobly spoken, and as much as we all dread to part with you, I know that these noble girls will not place a single obstacle in your way to prevent your doing your duty. [*Business.*] Sam, did you bring my paper from town this morning? Sam! Sam! Sam, I say, wake up [*Stamps foot*]. Did you bring my paper from town this morning? [*Business.*]

SAM—Yes, Massa, but I clare to goodness, dis ole darkee must have been slumberin'—I forgot all about dat paper. [*Business.*] I went down to de paper, an' I got de postoffice, and I put it in my pocket, but den, 'deed chile, I entirely disremember what I don wid em. Dats mighty funny—It's kind of seldom bout dat ar paper. Whar in de world can dat paper be gwan to?

FARMER A.—What's that you've got in your hand? [*Business.*]

SAM—Dars nuffin dar, Massa, but my fist.

FARMER A.—No, no, Sam, your other hand. [*Business.*]

SAM—Well, by golly, Massa, dats funny; dars your paper, as shur as your born. Why, dis old darky must be gwan crazy, shur.

FARMER A.—Well, well, Sam, give me the paper.

SAM—Dass your paper, Massa Allen, an from de fuss dey was makin' down town dis mornin, I guess dar must be a heap ob good news in it.







HARRY—Oh, Sam, I'm afraid this war has ruined you, spoiled you completely.

SAM—Yes, Massa Harry, an I guess dat it has spoiled a heap ob white trash, too. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Hip! hip! Hurrah. This is indeed glorious news.

HARRY—What is it, father.

FARMER A.—Why, Lee has surrendered to Grant,—Richmond is ours. Now will the war indeed end.

SAM—Bully for Grant!

JACOB—[*Enters L. 1 E. excitedly, with open newspaper.*] Goot news! goot news! de var vos proke! de var vos proke. [*Dances.*] My leetle poy Hans vil come home queek, joost like a Prigadeer Sheneral. Shen-eral Hall's gumpany vill pe here mit de depo py de ten o'clock train.

[*Enter Frank L. 1 E. Business.*]

FARMER A.—Frank, my boy, how you have grown,—where is the regiment?

FRANK—It's at the depot, father, and will march up town at eleven o'clock.

FARMER A.—It will? Then, we must make arrangements to give the boys a grand reception. Sam, come here, and stop your grinning. I want you to go down into the cellar and knock in the head of the best barrel of cider you can find.

SAM—Yes, Massa. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Come back here, Sam, come back here; I want you to go over to the ——— and tell ——— to get up a dinner for the whole regiment, and I will pay for it.

SAM—Yes, Massa. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Hold on, Sam, I'm not through with you yet,—I want you to go over to ——— ice-cream saloon and tell him to send over immediately to the ——— ten freezers of his best ice cream, and tell him I will settle for it to-morrow.

SAM—All right, Massa, Ise gwan. [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—Come here, Sam, come here. I'll bet you anything you don't know where you are going, or what you are going after.

SAM—Oh, yes I does, Massa.

FARMER A.—Well, what is it? [*Business.*]

SAM—Isc—gwan ober to ——— and—get a dish of ice cream—wid ten spoons in it,—

FARMER A.—Blockhead! nothing of the kind; “a dish of ice cream

with ten spoons in it,"—who said anything of the kind? Ten—freezers—that is—ten cans of ice cream; now, do you understand me?

SAM—Oh, yes.

FARMER A.—And look here, Sam, I want to give you a word of friendly advice before you go—don't get drunk before twelve o'clock.

SAM—What time is it now, Massa? [*Business.*]

FARMER A.—It's about 9 o'clock.

SAM—Oh, Lord, don't I wish it was twelve.

JACOB—Sam, I vont you to go down py my blace, unt got a pig string ov polony sausage, unt a gouple of quarts ov pier, unt a half-pound of Limberger Kase, for dis pisness—unt ve go right away down, unt gif dose poys von rousing velcome home.

SAM—Yes, Massa. [*Exit Sam L. 1 E.—Business.*]

FARMER A.—Now, we will get ready to meet the boys. Mother, get on your new silk gown, and, girls, put on your best clothes, and we'll all go down to the depot and have a glorious time. [*Business.*]

[Here introduce the grand illumination scene if the stage will admit.]

#### MUSIC.

SCENE II.—Street or Landscape.—Bummer's march.—Soldiers and citizens enter L. 1 E. and cross to R. 1 E., with all kinds of articles, animals, etc., etc.

#### MUSIC.

"Hail Columbia."

General Grant and staff enter L. 1 E. at the head of the column, and march off R. 1 E. in good order, and form on stage in rear of scene. After Sam makes speech, scene opens, discovering the grand closing

#### TABLEAU.

RECONSTRUCTION, REUNION, PEACE, AND PROSPERITY.

*Curtain.*

THE END.

















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